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# Musical Protection

**dystopia**

218 21 20

## Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

---Jack looked around, eyes searching in both directions for the presence of another human. All music was illegal, and looked down upon by all of society, but it was also the only thing that kept /them/ away... Kept the monsters beyond the barrier that was fiction. Music protected him from all of the horrid things that lay on the other side of the blurred wall that separated reality from the world of his subconscious.

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---He took out his earbuds that he knew he had to take special care of. They were the only pair he was ever going to get, that being said, they probably wouldn't last very long, meaning that every second could break the silence that was the absence of monsters and the presence of music. The flowing rhythms that both saved his life and endangered it.

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---He pressed the play button on the only iPod that he could find at the dump with time he had had while being chased by those wretched black creatures. The slow vibrations of strings and the plodding pace of a piano filled his ears. The tones lifted him up and gave him courage. Footsteps sounded nearby. Jack had been dreading this moment, but he knew that it couldn't

have lasted. He would treasure those few minutes in his heart, playing those notes over and over again in his head. It was time to go. He knew it.

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---The calm of the piano was relaxing, but it wasn't what he needed. He knew the only thing that could save him was something fast, something with a ferocious edge. With a tap of a button a dull roar of guitar cut through the quiet and the riffs bled speed. He ran, so fast he ripped through the air violently.

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---With his pace supplemented he ran inhumanly fast. There was a reason music was outlawed, he remembered as he sprinted, a trail of dust in his wake. He jumped from the ground and a moment later his feet slapped against a nearby wall. His speed helped him stay on as he bounded up, bouncing back and forth between walls until he reached the top. He may just be saved... and then he saw the military police officer momentarily, almost as fast as he was. Then he didn't see anything but the ground coming up really fast.

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---He hit the ground hard and all he could hear was his own heartbeat as he slowly slipped into unconsciousness.

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BM-BM

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BM-BM

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BM-BM

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BM-BM

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BM-BM

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Chapter 3 by Yuryut4

He awoke locked to a medical cot in a room with a table across the room.

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stuff on the table across

Suddenly he heard the sound of the door being unlocked. The door swung open. Three men walked into the room. All of them were armed. Two of the men wore swat team vests and helmets. The other man held a pistol and was wearing a unzipped bullet proof vest.

"Drugs are no good thing, son." The main man said.

"Music has been outlawed for at least 30 years now. Plenty of time to quit your addiction."

"Please... I see things when I'm not listening..." Jack said

"We're going to have you shot down next week. Have fun in the mean time!" The man said as he walked out.

Shot down...

#### Chapter 4 by Yutyut4



All the men exit the room. He had time now to think. The most painful thing in the world, thinking. Now that he was going to die there was not much he could do.

He tried to move though the medical bed held strong. He thought it was weird that there was a medical bed in a basement.

He could see a jagged and broken brass bar hanging from the ceiling. He could here noises of people yelling coming from the pipe. One voice screamed. Then he heard what sounded like a bam. Maybe a muffled gunshot? The door swung open again. Though just one man this time. One man.

#### Chapter 5 by Logan Henrie



"What else do you want? I already know that my life is over!" he sobbed with tears partially brought on by his own will, and partially not.

The other man's will didn't even waiver for a moment. "Look. Do you want to live or not?"

"Yes."

"Then we have a job for you. If you can complete it successfully, then we will let you off the hook this time. However, there is a very large chance that you will not survive the mission. Do you agree to this"

"Then what's the job?"

"I can't tell you that. You have either the option of guaranteed death, or a small chance of life. Take your pick."

Jack sat there for a moment, just thinking.

"We'll give you 12 hours to think. If you don't agree, you'll receive your death penalty. Immediately!" The man turned and walked from the room, the door shutting firmly

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behind him.

## Chapter 6 by Eli Owings



Twelve hours had gone by since the man told him of his choice, and Jack was in turmoil. He could either have a guaranteed death, or have a chance of living minimal as it was. It seemed like an easy decision but the more he thought about it the more afraid he became. What could that man possibly want him of all people to do that the swat team or other trained officers couldn't do. After a few more minutes the man from before came back into the room.

"Well have you made your decision yet" The man asked.

"After careful consideration I have decide to accept your mission." Jack answered after some hesitation.

"Good choice, now you will be released in a moment, and informed of your mission tomorrow."

The man said with a cruel smirk on his face.

Jack was beginning to have second thoughts about his choice but knew that there was no backing out now. So all he could do was watch as his restraints were removed, and the man exited the room, satisfied with himself.

## Chapter 7 by spatula



Jack was brought to consciousness by a startling crash right outside of his household. He pulled the curtain back from his window, examining the outside world.

Nothing.

He rose from his bed and reached for the doorknob when suddenly his hand froze. Hanging on the doorknob was a pair of white earbuds.

Suddenly his legs felt extremely weak, as if he had ran a marathon. He heard a dull roaring noise that slowly increased in volume as his vision began to blur.

He shut his eyes, letting the darkness encompass his soul. The roaring was now painfully loud, when suddenly he heard nothing more.

His eyes quit burning.

He felt the floor return, hard-pressed to his back.

He slowly opened his eyes, blinking hard to adjust his eyes.

Then the noise came back, just as he had lost consciousness. He was

greeted by inhuman black marks on the floor and walls.

The monsters came back.

And they came back for him.

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## Chapter 8 by [BLDE\_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



He had an idea. They gave him a list of different genres and their effects. What hadn't he tried before?

"House electronica-- Most basic attack."

"Dubstep electronica-- Strong attack, but can cause you some damage if you're not careful."

"Metal rock-- Weak, repeat attacks with damage that adds up. Also does damage to the user, but unavoidably."

"Classic rock-- Heals the user."

"Ambient electronica-- Does not do much against those who don't sleep."

"Hard rock-- Speed boost."

"Video game music-- Supplies you with the most iconic weapon from the home game, i.e. Subterraria gives the Day's Edge, Not the Last Fantasy gives the Breaker Sword, and Synaesthesiac gives the Tracker."

*They messed up every name on that list of games. Well, not the Tracker.*

"We're messing with multiple enemies and a bad situation. Let's pull out the Tracker to laser them to their place."

*Dance of the Zachmen should do.*

He liked that home game because each note was an opportunity to attack, and because he picked the fastest song in the game, he had many opportunities, but only a minute and forty four seconds to shake all of the monsters.

He only had three left by the last note and missed it. *A "basic attack" should do the job.*

Mission start!

the end

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